

IF YOU HAD NOT DIED

BY JAY JACKSON

I wonder so often in my twilight dreams,  
When the daylight's gone and the night  
draws near,  
As I sit in the dreary, dimly lit room,  
And think of the old days, sweet and dear—  
I wonder, my darling, how you would look  
If you had not died—were you living now?  
If you sat just there with your work or book,  
The flickering light on your hair and brow.  
Would you be matronly, staid and grand,  
Or tender and sweet as you used to be,  
Swaying my life with your soft white hand,  
Growing closer each year to me.  
Sweet, there'd be wrinkles upon your brow,  
And tiny touches of time's decay,  
And your bonny hair would be flecked with  
snow.  
I know by my own that is white to-day.  
Perhaps, dear heart, had you lived for me,  
Had you not gone home in the early dawn,  
Some bright-eyed child might have climbed  
my knee,  
And cheered our home with his shout and  
song.  
Home had been home in its fullest sense,  
A beautiful haven of love and cheer,  
Age had been reaping a recompense  
Of honest labor and well-spent years.  
I gaze on this gray-bearded face of mine,  
That is never fagged by a wife or child;  
I gaze on this empty chair by the fire;  
On these cheerless walls till my heart grows  
wild.  
Love, I have lived such a lonely life  
Since your grave's been wet with the snow  
and rain,  
And you know how I miss my wife,  
How my heart aches on with its ceaseless  
pain.  
You were so young when you went away,  
Only a bride or a sweet wild-child;  
But I never by the hour have shed each day  
Your were the center of all my life.  
No one could ever have filled your place,  
No other heart could have been my mate,  
And I dream each night of your beautiful face,  
And wonder how long I shall have to wait.  
ROSEVILLE, Neb.

BERENICE ST. CYR.

A Story of Love, Intrigue,  
and Crime.

BY DWIGHT BALDWIN.

CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

Cole Winters had heard nothing of the  
above conversation, which had been  
carried on in low tones, but the vacant  
square in the rough floor was sufficient  
to apprise him of the diabolical scheme of  
his heartless enemies.  
No one spoke, but stepping closer to  
the lantern, Sears produced a bottle,  
with the contents of which he began sat-  
urating a large handkerchief.  
"Chloroform," gasped Cole, as the pecu-  
liar odor reached his nostrils.  
"Yes," retorted the youthful villain;  
"it comes high, but I don't spare expense  
in making your exit pleasant."  
The inhuman wretch laughed, and, ad-  
vancing, applied the handkerchief to the  
face of his victim.  
Cole Winters struggled manfully, but  
realizing that his efforts at escape were  
impotent, ceased them and tried to fix  
his mind upon the awful change which  
seemed inevitably at hand.  
He was fast losing consciousness  
when an awful thought set his sluggish  
brain again into action.  
When, in accordance with the plans of  
his murderers, his dead body was dis-  
covered, there would be found upon it,  
not alone the one bond placed in his  
pocket by Sears, but the fifty-nine others,  
aggregating in value the enormous  
sum of \$300,000.  
For these Mr. St. Cyr had been killed,  
and their presence would establish Cole's  
guilt beyond all possible question.  
Not only was he about to lose his life,  
but the honorable name bequeathed him  
by his dead father was to become a by-  
word of reproach.  
In agony he essayed to speak.  
The grunting sound he uttered served  
only to renew the pressure of the deadly  
handkerchief.  
Then men, light, hope of life, thoughts  
of honor, and lastly, a glimmer of faith  
in Berenice St. Cyr, disappeared from his  
sight and his mind.  
Five minutes later the trio of villains  
entered the deserted den.  
"I told you," whispered Sears as he ex-  
tinguished the lantern, and made ready  
to open the street door, "that we were in  
for a run of good luck. We've got a fortune  
and won't be as much as suspected!"

CHAPTER VII.

TWO SURPRISES.

"Mat Hyland, you're a fool!"  
"Harsh words these, yet the detective to  
whom they were addressed made no in-  
dignant rejoinder; on the contrary he  
nodded his head approvingly, though the  
sad expression upon his face seemed  
to deepen somewhat.  
"You don't only spotted him, but had  
him dead to rights. You ran upon him  
or rather he ran upon you, and you  
couldn't land the fish when he'd hooked  
himself on your tackle. I'm ashamed of  
you, Mat Hyland!"  
The person who was so freely upbraid-  
ing the unfortunate detective paused in  
his walk, and spat upon the ground to  
emphasize his disapproval.  
Mat Hyland did exactly the same  
thing. Let the reader think this a  
strange coincidence, we must explain that  
the upbraiding personage and the officer  
were no other and the same man. Mat was,  
in colloquy, administering to himself a  
well-deserved rebuke.  
"Not in all the ten years and more that  
you've been on the force," he continued,  
as he resumed his walk down Clark  
street, "did you ever make such a break  
before. You'd better hand in your resig-  
nation in the morning."  
"They say he crossed to State street,  
but I don't believe it. He must have a  
confederate, but I'll bet my chance of  
promotion, which isn't much just now,  
that he's right in the block where he gave  
me the slip. I'd rather get off scot-free  
than have anyone else catch him  
now. I reckon they're all gone. I'll go  
back and make a systematic search for  
him."

With this the officer turned and walked  
briskly in the direction opposite the one  
in which he had been moving.  
The time was but a few minutes after  
the precipitation of our hero into the  
dark, dank cellar by the trio of guilty  
plotters.  
"Ye can't come in! This is no public  
house, mind that!"  
These words, spoken by a toothless old  
crone of a woman, assailed the ears of  
the detective as he endeavored to enter a  
tumble-down building not far from the  
spot where Cole Winters had so cleverly  
eluded him.  
"Can't I, Granny Green? We'll see  
about that!"  
"But there's nothin' crooked a goin' on  
here," faltered the old hag, as Hyland  
threw open his coat and displayed upon  
his breast a silver star, the insignia of his  
official character.  
"I know that, Granny. I'm looking for  
a m-m-m. though. Out of my way, and  
mind you, not a word of my presence  
here; that is, if you value—"

A moment later the detective was ex-  
ploring the old building, which was tena-  
tered by half a score of families, and  
presented a scene of filth and wretched-  
ness that the officer had never seen  
surpassed.  
His examination, though thorough, was  
rapid. He stumbled over drunken men  
and women who lay beside empty bottles  
and beer cans upon the floor. He invaded  
sleeping apartments and tossed about the  
heap of rags which served as beds.  
"Find anything?" crooned the old woman  
who rented out the miserable apartments,

as the officer encountered her on the  
ground floor.

"Several things, Granny, but not the  
one I seek just now."  
"I'm dreadful sorry. I'll open the door  
for you; it's got a funny kind of a catch."  
"I won't trouble you; I'm going down-  
stairs."  
"This you, this is the last floor."  
"But you have a cellar?"  
"Not a sign of one."  
"I know better! It was in the cellar of  
this house that I captured one of the  
Cronin suspects last spring. Out of my  
way!"  
With a muttered curse the old woman  
complained, and Hyland was soon descend-  
ing a rickety flight of stairs, toward a  
dark and exceedingly bad-smelling cellar.  
When the damp, almost stony bottom  
was reached, he produced and lighted a  
diminutive but rather powerful dark-  
lantern, by the light of which he began  
an investigation of the subterranean  
place.  
It was divided into a number of rooms,  
and had once, evidently, been used as a  
human habitation, though this must have  
been before the grading of the street had  
shut off the supply of light and air.  
Hurriedly the anxious officer ran  
through the place. He encountered  
no end of debris, but no sign of life ex-  
cept huge rats which scampered about.  
Satisfied that his quest was a vain one,  
he prepared to return to the upper world.  
Just then a peculiar sound smote his  
hearing. He listened intently, and upon  
its repetition started visibly.  
"A groan!" he muttered. "There's no  
doubt of it. But where?"  
Once more he fruitlessly examined the  
moldering rooms.  
He was strangely puzzled and almost  
despairing when, for the third time, he  
heard the ominous sound.  
Studying the direction from whence it  
proceeded, he was not long in solving the  
mystery.  
In one of the rooms, behind a pile of  
rubbish, he discovered an opening in the  
stone wall which separated the cellar  
from the one next adjacent.  
"The work of a crook who was close  
pressed," commented the detective. "It  
was lucky that my Cronin man didn't find  
it last spring. Well, here's for it!"  
Cautiously and with considerable diffi-  
culty the officer crept through the irregu-  
larly shaped opening.  
He came again in a standing posture he  
flushed the lantern about to gain some  
idea of the surroundings.  
He had barely discerned that he was  
in a long basement undivided by parti-  
tions, when he saw lying on the ground  
the semblance of a human form.  
"Cole Winters!" cried he, excitedly, a  
moment later as he stood over the inani-  
mate form of our hero.  
Setting down the lantern the detective  
began a systematic examination of the  
young man.  
"He's alive, and I can see no wounds  
or bruises to account for his condition,"  
muttered he, peeringly.  
Just then the open trap-door above him  
attracted his eye.  
"Ha! I see! In trying to escape he fell  
down here and is suffering from the  
seizure of a human form."  
The young man's eyes were closed, and  
his hands were clenched. He lay on his  
back, and his head was resting on the  
floor.  
"This he applied to the nostrils of our  
hero."  
"While I'm waiting for it to take ef-  
fect I may as well search him," decided  
the highly elated officer.  
In a moment he had discovered and  
drawn from one of his coat pockets a  
small bundle of saws and files, of the  
kind used by burglars.  
"I've got him dead to rights," chuckled  
Hyland, immeasurably pleased at the  
evidence of crookedness. "I'll bet he's  
got a jimmy in his boots."  
A hurried examination proved this  
theory to be incorrect, but it served also  
to reveal an object in one of Cole's boot-  
legs.  
In a trice Hyland had drawn it from  
its hiding place.  
"Great heavens!" he ejaculated, his  
hands trembling like an aspen-leaf in the  
wind. "The missing bonds! Ten, twen-  
ty, thirty, forty, fifty—all here, Good!  
Capital! My promotion!"  
A groan interrupted him. Mat Hyland  
was a humane man, and the sound of suf-  
fering recalled him to his prisoner.  
He replaced the saws and files in Cole's  
pocket, thrust the bonds into his own,  
and having recovered the handkerchief,  
raised the inanimate form in his arms.  
"He breathes freer," soliloquized the  
detective, "and is in no danger of dying.  
I want to keep this matter to myself for  
the present. I'll go to the nearest drug  
store for restoratives. When I take him  
away from here it will be with a full con-  
fession and the names of his accomplices,  
for I'm sure he had one at least."  
He laid Cole back upon the ground,  
and glided away to the opening in the  
wall. Two minutes later he had gained  
the sidewalk and was hurrying up the  
street.  
He met with a number of provoking  
delays. The district was an unreason-  
able time in writing him the articles he  
impudently demanded. At the doorway  
he encountered a brother officer, who for  
some minutes engaged him in conversa-  
tion about an important matter. Lastly,  
a small boy ran against him, knocking  
the package from his hand and breaking the  
inclosed bottles upon the sidewalk.  
By the time he had duplicated the ro-  
tatives fully half an hour had elapsed.  
He lost no time in returning to the dis-  
mal cellar.  
As he crawled through the opening in  
the wall, and darted forward in rays of  
his lantern, a cry mingled with chagrin  
and dismay swept his white lips.  
The trap-door in the floor was closed,  
and Cole Winters had disappeared from  
the place.

CHAPTER VIII.

ON THE TRAIL.

When the trio of guilty and desperate  
men, the triangle of crime, we may say,  
departed from the Clark street house,  
leaving behind them, as they supposed,  
the dead body of Cole Winters, they pro-  
ceeded northward towards the business  
section of the city.  
In a few minutes they entered a room  
on the second floor of a building, upon  
the door of which was the legend:  
MAX MORRIS,  
PRIVATE BANKER,  
Money to Loan.  
"Now for the bonds," said the proprie-  
tor of the place, as he proceeded to light  
the gas in a second and smaller room, in  
which stood two large safes.  
"Ye, added Bloom. 'Let's cast out  
eyes over the window.'"  
"How soon can you turn them into  
cash?" asked Sears, as he drew the enve-  
lope from his pocket.  
"To-morrow."  
"Will there be any danger?"  
"Not the way I'll work it. Large quan-  
ties of these bonds are daily sold here.  
My position and well-known respectabil-  
ity will prevent the slightest suspicion.  
I'll have the money ready by noon to-  
morrow."  
"Good! There they are."  
"Shall I examine them?"  
"It isn't necessary."  
"I want it done, put in Bloom.  
"But we're in a hurry. Look 'em up in  
your strongest safe, Max, and we'll be  
off."  
"I want to see 'em counted," said the  
burglar, doggedly.  
Without more ado the banker removed  
the rubber band and opened the enve-  
lope.  
"We are," said he, gayly, as he  
drew forth the contents.  
As the reader knows, this consisted  
only of worthless printed papers.  
"Confusion!" cried Morris, while Sears  
made use of a much stronger word.  
As for Bloom, he said nothing. He  
looked from the banker to the young

man, and then sprang forward and caught  
the latter by the throat.

"Help!" wheezed the victim, as he was  
borne backward upon a sofa.  
Max Morris at once flew to his assist-  
ance, but the strength of the two allied  
men was against the powerful burglar.  
"What do you mean?" demanded the  
banker. "Let him go!"  
"I mean," answered the enraged man,  
as he released Sears and rose to his feet,  
"that I don't propose to be cheated out  
of the honest fruit of my labor in no such  
way as that! I want my share, and I'll  
have it, or have his life, and yours, too,  
Max Morris, if you're in the scheme."  
"It's no scheme," said Sears, who was  
on his feet now. "I've been robbed."  
"Stuff!" sneered the burglar.  
"Look here, Max, we've been in many  
deals together. Didn't I always 'tote  
fair'?"  
"So far as I know, yes."  
"Would I be fool enough to try such a  
game on you?"  
"Hardly," admitted Bloom, though the  
scowl did not lift from his face.  
"I have it!" cried Morris.  
"What?" chorused the others.  
"We've acted like children. That Cole  
Winters is just four times as smart as we  
thought him."  
"What is it? Do speak!" urged the  
young man, eagerly.  
"You put one \$5,000 bond in his  
pocket?"  
"Yes, yes."  
"Just then I was satisfied with that."  
"I don't understand."  
"So he appropriated the other fifty-  
nine."  
"When?"  
"And substituted a lot of advertisements  
he picked up at the Exposition last  
night."  
"That's it!" assented Sears.  
"And the bonds?" asked Bloom.  
"Are down in that cellar in one of the  
dead man's pockets."  
No one made a suggestion, but all  
acted on the one common impulse. In a  
moment the three had quitted the office,  
the proprietor locking the door after him.  
At the fastest gap possible they hur-  
ried down Clark street. They found the  
coast clear, and were soon peering down  
into the cellar, whose inky darkness hid  
from the eyes of the world a dark and  
hideous crime.  
After a while they could discern the  
form of their victim.  
"Have you a ladder?" asked Morris,  
eagerly.  
"There's one in front," replied Sears.  
"Wait a moment."  
"Our good luck hasn't deserted us,"  
said the latter, who was the first to de-  
scend.  
"Have you found them?" demanded  
Bloom from the ladder.  
"No, I haven't looked yet. But I've  
found something else."  
"What's that?"  
"He's no more dead than you are."  
"And he discovered the world have  
converted and hung the last one of us,  
commented the banker, with a shudder.  
"But we're in time to complete the work."  
"The bonds first," urged the burly  
burglar.  
This was an unnecessary suggestion,  
for Alvin Sears was already the ad-  
vanced of ransacking the pockets of the un-  
conscious young man.  
"Here's a rum go," declared Morris,  
when Cole had been searched and not a  
vestige of the missing fortune discov-  
ered. "What do you say, Al?"  
"That he found them before our arrival,  
and hid them elsewhere."  
"I never thought of that. Let's search  
for them at once."  
"Not now; it's too risky."  
"What then?"  
"We'll take the young fellow away,  
bring him to, and make him locate the  
plunder. I'll find a way to force it out of  
him."  
"Good!" cried the others, assentingly.  
Martin Bloom raised the form of our  
hero in his powerful arms and bore him  
up the rude ladder as easily, to all ap-  
pearances, as if he had been a child.  
This accomplished, the ladder was  
drawn up and the trap-door closed down.  
Sears began a search for the bonds,  
which he believed to be secreted some-  
where in the long room, but abandoned  
it when the "crackman" returned and  
announced that he had secured a hack,  
and that it was waiting outside.  
Bloom removed his overcoat, which he  
wheeled about and then he retraced his  
steps in his arms and followed his confeder-  
ates into the street.  
It was beginning to rain now, and few  
people were in view. Anyhow, the tak-  
ing away of a sick man, as our hero ap-  
peared to be, was neither a strange nor  
unusual proceeding, and attracted little  
attention.  
"Drive fast," said Sears, who was the  
last of the party to enter the carriage.  
"Safe!" whispered the banker, as with  
a sigh of relief he sank back upon the  
cushioned seat.  
But he could not have been further  
from the truth. At that moment himself  
and guilty companions were anything but  
safe.  
From the doorway of the next building,  
which Detective Hyland was in the act of  
leaving, the entire transaction had been  
observable.  
"These accomplices!" muttered he, "and  
one of them Alvin Sears! I haven't lost  
the trail yet! Here goes!"  
As the driver cracked his whip and  
drove rapidly away the plucky detective  
sprang forward and secured a place upon  
the rear axle of the large vehicle.  
[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WORDS OF WISDOM.

The lazy dog is pestered most by the  
flies.  
A calf is not valued by the loudness of  
its bawl.  
He who leads time by the forelock can  
sleep well at night.  
The prettiest blossoms do not always  
hold the sweetest honey.  
Growling at the times will not lift the  
mortgage on your farm.  
Success on the hill top, you cannot  
get there without climbing.  
Be the kind of man that you would  
like to have your boys become.  
It is no money in your pocket to fail  
to make your stables comfortable.  
The sunshine of a glad heart makes  
the darkest, dreariest day radiant and  
pleasant.  
There is more solid comfort in a smile  
than in a whole gross of frowns. It is  
good economy to smile.  
If you get mad go to the looking  
glass and watch yourself growl, and see  
how quick you will quit it.  
SALESMAN (great store)—This coat  
fits your little girl nicely. Lady  
(thinking of next season)—Yes, it  
does now, but I think we'd better  
take a size larger. Little Girl—Oh,  
yes, I forgot. We have to wait for  
our change.—Good news.  
LITTLE JOHNNY—May I hitch the  
dog to my sled and have him pull me?  
Mother—I'm afraid he will bite you.  
Little Johnny—It's the other end I'm going to hitch.—Good  
news.  
The crusade against kissing is dy-  
ing a natural death. When young  
people feel like indulging in such lux-  
uries, it is not the fear of disease-  
contamination that will restrain them.

FINLAND.

"THE LAND OF THE THOUSAND  
LAKES."

The Upright and Hospitable Fins  
—Singular Features of the Fin-  
nish Language—Habits of  
the People.

Far away in the North, where the  
waters of the coast and mighty seas  
roar in their icy caverns, where the  
foam of the cataracts never  
freezes, where the  
green of the pine never withers, where  
the gray and unyielding rocks compress  
the foaming rivers into narrow gorges—  
here, for thousands of years, the powers  
of nature have waged their ceaseless  
strife without rest, without reconcilia-  
tion. The river never tires of beating  
against the rocks, the rocks never tire  
of beating back the stream. The moun-  
tain crags never grow old. The immense  
morasses defy cultivation. The frosty,  
clear winter sky quivers forever in the  
northern light and looks down with  
serene and majestic calm upon the scat-  
tered huts along the river bank. This,  
says the San Francisco Chronicle, is Fin-  
land.  
The coast of Finland stretches due  
north until a few miles south of Wasa.  
At the sixty-third degree of latitude it  
makes a decided curve to the northeast.  
The great blue Bothnian Gulf follows  
the same direction, narrowing for a mo-  
ment in the Quark, then widening again  
and leaning its high brow against Fin-  
land's breast. With greater freedom  
than elsewhere the Arctic winds sweep  
against the coasts, driving between the  
islands and beating with terrible vio-  
lence against the rocks. This is a very  
paradise for smuggling, and no number  
of cruisers would be able to prevent it.  
The only successful means to check  
smuggling to some extent was by a light



PEASANT NATIONAL COSTUME.

and simplicity of character totally  
foreign to that of the Russian. They  
are hospitable, faithful and submissive,  
with a keen sense of personal freedom  
and independence, but they are also  
somewhat stolid and revengeful. Super-  
stition flourishes among the Finns to a  
far greater extent than is generally  
known, and often takes the form of  
quaint legends.  
The Finnish language, supposed to  
have once embraced the greater part of  
Northwestern Europe, is a difficult one.  
Its musical elements, the vowels are well

sustained, and their due sequence is sub-  
ject to strict rules of euphony. The  
dotted o—in pronunciation somewhat  
similar to the French en—of the first  
syllable must be followed by an e or an  
i. Rhyme is admitted with reluctance,  
alliteration being preferred. The Fin-  
nish alphabet contains but nineteen let-  
ters, and of these b, c, d, f and g are  
found only in a few foreign words.  
A singular feature of this language and  
one that is also characteristic of the  
Magyar, Turkish and other kindred  
tongues, consists of the frequent use of  
endeavouring diminutives. By a series of  
suffixes to the names of human beings,  
birds, fishes, trees, plants, stones, met-  
als, and even actions, events and feel-  
ings, diminutives are obtained which by  
their forms present the names so made  
in different colors; they become more  
naive, more childlike, eventually more  
rough or humorous. The English  
language is poor in this respect, so this  
trait is almost lost in translating Finnish  
into English. It is a language of a  
people who live close to nature and are  
at home among the animals of the wil-  
derness. Beasts and birds, winds,  
woods and waters, falling snows and  
flying sands, as well as rolling rocks, are  
carefully distinguished by correspond-  
ing verbs of ever-changing acoustic im-  
port.



A TOWN IN FINLAND.

The Fins are extremely careless about  
family names, arguing, "If the family  
does not exist, what is the use of giving  
the child a name?" In 1836 a ukase was  
framed compelling the clergy to add a  
family name to that of a saint given in  
baptism. In the earliest age of Suomi  
it appears that the people worshipped the  
conspicuous objects in nature under  
their respective and sensible forms. As  
the existence of invisible agencies was  
recognized, these were attributed to su-  
perior persons who lived independent of  
these visible entities, but at the same  
time were connected with them. The  
idea of Finnish mythology seems to lie  
in this: That all objects in nature are  
governed by invisible deities or geni  
independent of one another.  
Ukko (signifying old, old-father) is re-  
garded as the highest of Finnish deities.  
Frost, snow, hail, ice, wind and rain,  
sunshine and shadow, are thought to  
come from the hands of Ukko. In the  
Kalevala he is called "Leader of the  
Clouds," "God of the Breezes," "Golden  
King," "Silver Ruler of the Air,"  
"Father of the Heavens," etc. He is  
benign and gracious, when the Virgin  
Marietta, after a long, vain speech, im-  
plores him to tell where her "golden in-  
fant lies hidden," he, full of solicitude  
for her grief, tells her—  
Yonder is thy golden infant;  
There thy holy babe lies sleeping,  
Hidden to his belt in water,  
Hidden in the reeds and rushes.

Among the deities of the air are the  
mystic maidens, some of whom were  
created by the rubbing of Ukko's hand  
upon his left knee. They walk the  
crimson borders of the clouds—one  
sprinkles white milk, one sprinkles red  
milk and the third sprinkles black milk  
over the hills and mountains.  
Any one looking at the map of Fin-  
land will see that it is full of names like  
Pyhajärvi (sacred lake) and Pijajoki  
(sacred river). Some of the old Fin-  
landers still offer goats and calves to  
these sacred waters. In Esthonia is a  
rivulet, Vohenda, held in such reverence  
that until very recently none dared to  
fall a tree cut a shrub in its immedi-  
ate vicinity lest death overtake the of-  
fender within a year in punishment for  
his sacrilege.  
Nowhere are the inconsistencies of  
human theory and practice more curi-  
ously and forcibly shown than in the cus-  
tom in vogue among the old Fins, who  
are not believers in a future life, but



A FINN PEASANT.

and the marshes twenty per cent. of its  
area, so that Finland is more  
abundantly supplied with water than  
any other country in the world. Im-  
mense forests cover one-half its surface,  
extending northward as far as Lake  
Enare. Of the whole population eighty-  
five per cent. are Fins proper, fourteen  
per cent. are Swedish-speaking traders,  
peasants and farmers, these latter living  
mostly on the coasts and islands. The  
people are strong and hardy, with  
bright, intelligent faces and high cheek  
bones. Yellow hair is common, but by  
no means the rule, black or brown being  
frequently met with in the interior.  
With regard to their social habits,  
morals and manners, all travelers are  
unanimous in speaking well of them.  
Their temper is universally mild, they  
are slow to anger, and when angry they  
keep silence. They are happy-hearted,  
affectionate to one another and honor-  
able in their dealings with strangers.  
They are a cleanly people, being much  
given to the use of vapor baths. This  
trait is a conspicuous note of their  
character from their earliest history to  
the present day. Often in the runes of

the "Kalevala" reference is made to the  
cleansing and healing virtues of the  
vapor of the heated bathroom. They  
are morally upright and have an honesty



PEASANT NATIONAL COSTUME.

nevertheless perform such funeral cere-  
monies as burying in the grave of the  
dead knives, hatchets, spears bows and  
arrows, kettles, food, clothing and snow  
shoes, thus bearing witness to their  
practical recognition of some form of life be-  
yond the grave. The Fins regard the  
crows as spirits of dead sisters and brothers.  
The deities of the air, waters, trees,  
and mountains are almost innumerable.  
The language abounds in proverbs,  
charades, legends, etc. Upward of 9000  
of these have been collected by the in-  
dustrious and enthusiastic Swedish savant  
Lonnrot. The first book printed in Fin-  
nish was about 1543. The Bible was  
not translated into Finnish till 1642.  
Societies of literature, sciences and all  
branches of art are numerous in Finland.

Commercial Value of Mummies.  
Even dead men have a commercial  
value nowadays. From the mummies of  
ancient Egypt is manufactured a kind of  
paint called "mummy brown." It can  
be purchased at any shop where artists'  
materials are sold. For some time it  
was alleged that the mummies employed  
for this purpose were those of birds and  
beasts, such as cats and ibisses, but an  
osteologist who interested himself in the  
subject found in some of the raw stuff  
imported from Egypt certain bones which  
were unquestionably human.

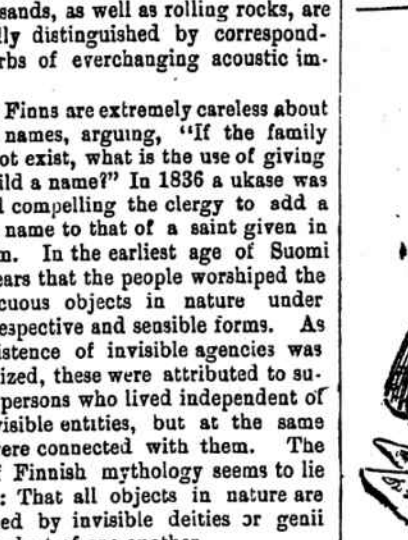
The Forestry Exhibit at the Fair.

The foreign countries which obtained  
space inside the forestry building at the  
World's Fair are Japan, Honduras, Peru,  
Hayti, Spain, Germany, Ecuador, Co-  
lombia, Brazil, Mexico, New South  
Wales, Canada, Russia, Italy, France,  
Siam and India. Each of these coun-  
tries has a separate space and makes a  
showing of its most characteristic woods.  
Miniature structures have been built,  
with arches and railings of natural wood  
and in rustic design. Canada has the  
largest space of any foreign Government,  
and the various provinces of the Domi-  
nion make an interesting showing of their  
timber resources.  
The States and Territories which have  
interior exhibits are: Pennsylvania, Lo-  
uisiana, Virginia, Arizona, Kentucky,  
Minnesota, Nebraska, Montana, Wyo-  
ming, New Mexico, Wisconsin, North  
Dakota, Ohio, Washington, Michigan,  
West Virginia, Missouri, North Car-  
olina, Indiana, Maine, New York, Cal-  
ifornia, Utah and Idaho. Of these West  
Virginia and Michigan have the largest  
space, and the exhibits from these States  
are on an elaborate scale. Other States  
show peculiarly unique specimens, and  
the grouping of woods in the various  
spaces forms a most artistic whole. Sec-  
tions of tree trunks have been built one  
on top of the other, and each portion of  
the exhibit will be accompanied by de-  
tailed information as to the locality pro-  
ducing the exhibit, the area still under

growth and where located, and all other  
pertinent information.

Fifty Years of Fashion.

What a funny looking person a woman  
would be with a combination dress of all  
of fashion's absurdities during the last  
fifty years.  
Tremble when you look at it, the hoop  
skirt, the big sleeves, the sweeping



COMBINATION OF FASHION'S ABSURDITIES.

train, the piled up hair and the eccen-  
tric head dress of to-day or half a century  
since, as you please.  
Just think what a strenuous objection  
we would have from the ladies were all  
these different fashions merged into one.  
The long suffering and obedient  
American would never stand it.—New  
York Herald.

Brain is Disgusted.

There is a story told of a man who  
was very fond of his brain, and he was  
very careful of it. He was very fond of  
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